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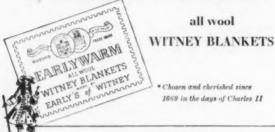
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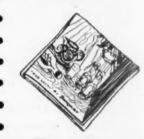


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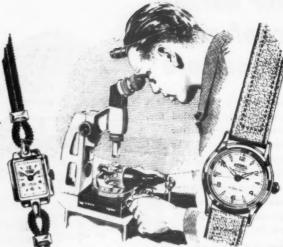
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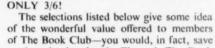
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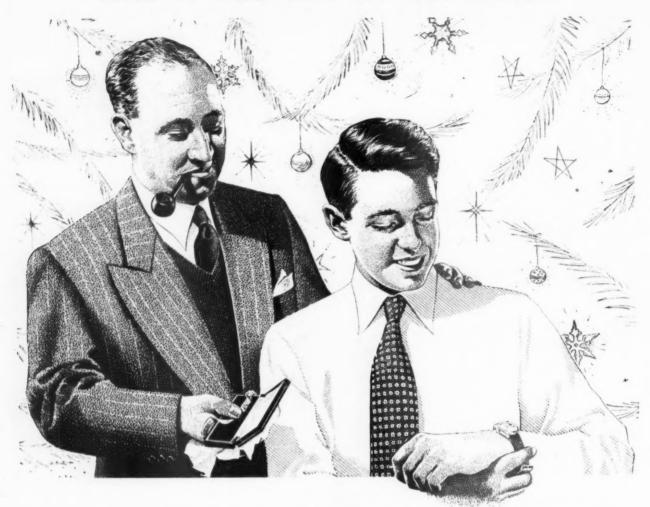
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CHARIVARIA

PRESS references to Mr. Ganga Deen, a friend of the deposed Premier of British Guiana, take pains to point out that he has no connection with Kipling's water-carrier. On the other hand, recorded poetry-readings by cultured English voices have recently enjoyed world-wide dissemination under the auspices of the British Council.

E E



The Cinema Consultative Committee, in a report to the Home Office, has recommended that small children should attend the cinema only in the company of grown-ups. This seems a bit hard on the grown-ups, considering how many films seem to be designed for small children.

a a

Following the engagement of a self-styled Hollywood make-up expert, who later proved to be a market stall-holder from Wiltshire, it is reported that the B.B.C. will scrutinize credentials more carefully in future. Unfortunately, a lot of self-styled comedians got in under the old system.

B B

Beer-tokens as well as book-tokens will be on sale for Christmas. Their great advantage is that they don't litter up the mantelpiece so long.

E E

Advocates of less diffidence in Britain's foreign policy found small reassurance in the recent Daily Telegraph headline, "Vice-Consul to Fly to Archangel." There was a time, they point out, when any British representative abroad would have insisted on the procedure being reversed.



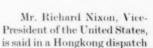
A will recently proved described the Commissioners of Inland Revenue as depraved and sadistic men lacking in common decency. They have only to take this with bad grace, and none of us need worry about making any wills.

8 8

Viewers unable to afford the cost of converting their

sets to receive the new commercial programmes will still be able to get from the old service the interesting puffs about the forthcoming commitments of film and stage personalities.

8 6



to have gone within a thousand yards of Hongkong's frontier with Communist China and looked at Communist border guards through a telescope. It is too early to say what effect this has had on the Peking-Moscow axis.

8 8

The announcement that an Abominable Snowman has at last been captured and put in a zoo in Tibet has created surprisingly little comment. Perhaps this was a

> hoax, after all, and the creature is merely one of those chaps from Venus.

> > a a

Readers lucky enough to secure a copy of the 1953 Société Jersiaise Bulletin Annuel will be delighted to find in the contents list an article on the origin of shorthorned cattle, by an expert with the unimpeachable qualification of D.Litt.(Oxen.).



Y the end of the twentieth century the process of becoming a servile society was more or less completed. This process had come to pass, for the most part, quite unconsciously. It had required no revolutionary seizure of power, no blue-print for an unfolding strategy. Many, to-day, find this difficult to credit. They look for master-minds, and suppose that the key figures—the Beveridges, the Webbs, the Reiths, the Keyneseswere conspirators consciously engaged in a planned conspiracy. In fact there was no conspiracy. Individual freedom just withered

The first necessity in creating a servile society was to destroy the Christian religion, which, precisely because it insisted on the ultimate sanctity of each individual soul, made servility inconceivable and freedom Man's natural condition. By contrast with the clumsy procedure of the Nazis and the Stalinists, who sought to extirpate Christianity by the old-fashioned method of persecuting Christians, Christian doctrine itself was corrupted and thereby rendered anodyne. Thus, for instance, the Pauline concept of salvation became identified with the "scientific" concept of progress. From this it was a short step to presenting Marx's ferocious diatribes against Christianity as a "Christian heresy," and to permitting, in the pulpit of Canterbury Cathedral itself, adulation of the most savagely materialist societies the world had ever seen. Before long anyone who tried to emphasize the contrast between Caristianity and "progressive materialism" laid himself open to a charge of blasphemy. From Marxism being regarded as a Christian heresy, Christianity soon became a Marxist heresy, with the result that its few remaining adherents suffered

HOW TO BECOME A SERVILE SOCIETY WITHOUT KNOWING IT

the fate of other Marxist heretics, and were exterminated.

Besides destroying the Christian religion, it was necessary steadily to enlarge the power vested in the State. In the economic sphere this was achieved by means of nationalizing the so-called key industries, which came in time to include all industrial and agricultural production. The pretext for so doing was that control was thereby transferred from private to public hands. In practice, however, what happened was that authority came increasingly to be exercised by Civil Servants, whose rule, as is ever the case, was characterized by an unedifying combination of obsequiousness and callousness. The right men were posted in the right placesmen of the type of Sir William Haley, Sir Ian Jacob, Sir Oliver Franks-and a rigid and comprehensive trade union organization ensured that labour was as strictly disciplined as management.

At the same time Parliament, which theoretically should have provided a check on this dangerous process, became dominated by two rival party machines, each under the control of a few so-called leaders, or caucus, whose political ideas, such as

they were, scarcely varied, but whose appetite for power only became ever sharper. Members of Parliament dutifully trailed in and out of division lobbies in obedience to their leaders' orders, and duly from time to time presented themselves to their constituents for re-election.

There was always, of course, the possibility that the electorate themselves might revolt against the servility required of them by their Here the fortuitous (or masters. perhaps deliberate) invention of television provided an effective antidote. With its popularization, literacy dwindled, until the art of reading, being unnecessary, became obsolete, with the result that dangerous or subversive ideas had no means of circulating. By retaining control of all television transmissions it was possible to condition the whole population to accept whatever point of view was required. A condition of moral and intellectual vacuity was inculcated which sufficed to enslave not only their bodies but their minds and souls as well.

In this way a wholly collectivized, ant-heap-like society was produced, whose only religion was a fatuous belief in the material benefits its citizens were supposed to enjoy, and in the ostensibly progressive ideas and institutions which were supposed to govern their lives; whose only freedom lay in choosing from among rival candidates who were all instruments of the same tyranny. Instead of service being perfect freedom, freedom became perfect service.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

8 8

False Start

A skull of stone, the jawbone of an

It seems this wasn't where we started from:

Did Mr. Dawson see, too well, the shape

Of Men to come?

PATRIC DICKINSON





"This may hurt, but I'm afraid I'll have to remove the whole jaw."

(Collapse of 600,000-year-old party)

Buying a Horse

BY JOYCE CARY

HE Horse Marines, as they were called in Africa, otherwise the Mounted Infantry, took a knock charging the Germans in high grass. All their officers were killed or wounded and their ponies were left in a bush station where two or three died every week—most of the grooms had run away or gone for soldiers. In the confusion of war, just started, no-one remembered the ponies or could have known where they were.

Young Corner, Staff officer and galloper to the Commandant, was much surprised one morning to come upon the remnant tethered to their pegs. He saw at once that half should be shot and the rest, those fit to travel, sent to the rear; and sorted them out, pointing with his short riding-stick, "that one is finished—that one can go."

He had just condemned a black pony, a tottering skeleton covered with dirt, when the creature put out his nose and nibbled his shirt. His orderly tapped the pony on the nose and said "Now then, you son of a female."

But Corner was touched. He had a weakness for good-natured

horses of which he was quite aware. He told himself often that the creatures were merely greedy and extremely stupid animals whose patience and courage had no more merit than the colour and scent of a plant, but without the least effect on his secret passion.

"This one no good," said the orderly. "He die." He walked round the pony and disdainfully pointed out its various defects. Corner fixed his eyeglass as if for an impartial estimate and said severely "Yes—yes—I see. But it has good blood too—look at that head, like a deer."

The orderly, quite understanding his master's weakness, looked at him demurely and said "Yes, Caftin—a lovely horse—an Azben." An Azben is a type of small Arab, often black. It is much prized in Africa.

"Do you know who it belongs to?"

"Major Long-hump—he got bullet for belly."

Corner knew Major Long-hump—actually Major McA., late of a Dragoon Regiment, a singularly thin and tall Scotsman with a sudden stoop high in his back. McA., in leading the rather mad charge of the Horse Marines on infantry hidden in grass, had received three bullets through the body, and was due to be invalided home.

"I'll have to see the Major about it," said Corner. "Give it a feed now—though I doubt if it will eat. It's obviously done for."

"Oh sir, he soon strong again. Azben too brave to die. I think we buy him, sir."

Corner frowned as at an absurd suggestion. But he went to the Major that afternoon at the evacuation hospital and asked if he would sell the pony, "as a gamble." The Major answered promptly that nothing would induce him to part with his beloved Satan, "the finest polo pony in Nigeria" and a "truebred Barrb."

McA. was just out of bed, in pyjamas, creeping about the hospital on two sticks, the picture of a veteran broken in his country's wars. Now, as soon as Corner's back was



"Where was 1?"

turned, he dressed, sent for an ambulance and, sweeping aside the feeble objections of the hospital orderlies, had himself conveyed to the bush station. But the whisper of a horse deal is enough for an African camp: within ten minutes Corner had news of the Major's disappearance from three different sources, and followed at speed.

He found McA. on his legs beside the pony, orating to half a dozen bush pagans and three worriedlooking women, with full water-pots on their heads, about mankind's responsibility for dumb animals. He had forgotten his sticks and pains —he was now the old grognard who puts his horse's comfort before his own.

McA. was a Highlander, famous throughout the country for his reckless dash, and above all for a certain magnificence of speech and gesture. Life for him was a series of dramatic events which required of every feeling man a worthy response. Young Corner, like most of the young officers, admired him as a hero, and what's more a hero who knew how to act and speak like a hero; and, therefore, was inclined to make fun of him.

"Good afternoon, sir," he saluted with a slightly exaggerated smartness. "What do you think of the patient!"

McA. was a hero but he was also a dyed in the wool horse-coper. What horseman is not? He turned slowly about to examine Satan, raised his formidable nose and drew down his immense grey eyebrows. His expression was that of a Lord Chancellor preparing to sum up the evidence in a State trial. After a pause of at least a minute (the women staring with guilty terror as if expecting instant execution) he pronounced slowly, "Give m a warm mash and r-rub down and he'd carry the Lord Mayor."

"But, sir, he can hardly stand up. Look at his knees. They are trembling all the time." And the faithful orderly cried loudly and passionately that the pony was dying. "Only look at him—Allah, food for the birds."

McA. fixed Corner with his small blue eye and stretched out a long



" Stick 'em up."

thin arm. "Young man," he said, in the tone of a prophet denouncing the youth of the world, "if you were better acquented with me and this horse you would not utter such freevolity. It is a characterristic of Satan to stand so, as if, indeed, he might fall down. It is well known that a high-bred Azben a wee bit out of condection has that very trembling at the knees. It is due to his high breeding—his nairvous constitution."

"Well, sir, according to the best advice," Corner referred thus to his orderly, "he won't last another twenty-four hours. But if you're willing to let him go I'll take a chance." "To let him go." McA. sunk down his chin upon his chest and looked out of the top of his eyes, actually through his eyebrows. The coper was in strong conflict with the hero. The glance was heroic, but the coper seemed to hesitate in the question—"Young man, are you making me a serious proposition?"

"How much would you ask?"
"Ye mean, if there was any question of a deal? Upon such an hypothesis, Corner, the Emir of Sokotoo would give—yes—fifty pounds for a Barrb like Satan—yes only for his sairvice at stud. Look at that shoulder." McA. gave the pony a slap on the shoulder. It was not a hard slap but the poor creature

reeled. For a moment all thought it would fall. The orderly uttered an exclamation, a woman cried out "Take care."

McA.'s arm stiffened against the shoulder in a powerful effort to hold the pony up. At the same time he looked the other way, towards some distant horizon of the spirit. His expression was dreamy, poetic it reminded one of that celebrated portrait of Edmund Kean resting his elbow on a skull.

"But, as I say, that's purely hypothetical." He meditated aloud. "To sell Satan, I couldn't forgeeve myself—though indeed the puir beastie could do with a home—ye might say I owe it to me old friend."

He cautiously relaxed the arm—it appeared that Satan had recovered his balance. McA. carelessly swept away the hand and turned to Corner with a gesture of heroic pathos, arms bent, palms outward, forehead wrinkled, his eyes bright with grief. For the moment the hero had mastered the coper. "The biggest hearrted horrse I ever rode—and I may never see'm again." His voice shook—he was deeply moved by this eloquence.

And so was Corner. He answered therefore in his briskest tone, "I tell you what, sir, I'll give you ten shillings a leg—to-morrow. If the pony lives so long."

McA.'s pose had not changed, but the raised hands, the wide eyes, by some subtle transition now

expressed horror and amazement. "Ten shillings a laig," he interrupted, "I never haird of buying horses by the laig."

"In Ireland," said Corner, inventing freely, "it's quite the usual thing."

"Ten shillings a laig," McA. exclaimed loudly. The coper was now ascendant. "Two pounds." It is impossible to describe the scorn and injury expressed in the two pounds.

"Excuse me, sir, what I meant was thirty shillings."

McA. stared for a moment in silence, then uttered in the deepest tone of his considerable range, "Thairty shillings. Did you say thairty?"

Corner, who had remembered in time the orderly's expert criticism, pointed with his stick at the pony's off foreleg. Three diagonal burnscars below the knee showed that the leg had been fired, at some time, to cure a sprain.

"Ah, that off-fore," McA. recollected himself, "a pairfectly sound laig—I rode that pony when we won the polo cup from the Gunners and he galloped everything else off the ground."

"Well, sir, it may move free, but it's a swinger. There's no nerve in it. It might let you down any minute"

"Thairty shillings," said McA. Suddenly he threw back his head, clapped his elbows to his side and,

raising his eyes towards the sky, uttered a laugh which could only be described as hollow. The hero had once more found his stage. "Thairty shillings—for Satan. Dahm it, boy, if ye have the nairve to offer such a sum, I'll take ye." He turned towards the ambulance with head sunk down like one that has received a mortal stroke. He took three long, slow strides and sank down on the stretcher; then beckoned the young man with a long knotty finger. Corner bent down to his lips.

"Cash," he whispered, hoarsely, brokenly—"to-day."

"Certainly, sir." Corner was surprised by this sudden relapse into the coper and perhaps his feeling showed in his face. He may have allowed himself to smile.

McA. seized his hand. "My boy," he sighed, "I trrust ye with that grrand wee horse. For I know ye have a good hearrt. Take care of him for my sake. Cherish him as he desairves."

"I'll do my best, sir. Rely

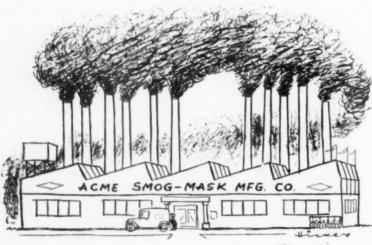
"God bless you." The hero fell back on his pillow with a wave which dismissed the world to oblivion and was borne away as to slow music. His eyes were closed. In his own imagination he was on his way to a soldier's grave.

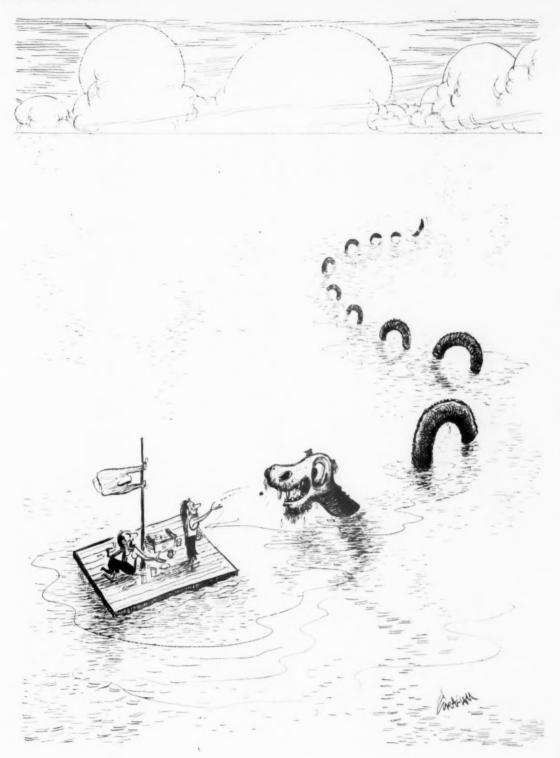
Corner, standing alone in the deserted camp beside the shaking pony and the discreet orderly, felt that—after all—McA. had had the best of it; he hoped especially that he had not smiled. Yes, he felt small, young and cheap—perhaps, he thought, as he looked at the foundering pony, he had even been cheated.

6 6

"Mr. Fisher comments that...some improvement is possible in such matters as vocabulary, speling and the amount of imagination which is imparted into English composition."...head teachers will be encouraged to form special groups if the estaq can be augmented for the purpose. He also juggests the part-time employment of retired teachers... Manchester with six special schools—five day and one residential—alraedy makes generous provision by nromal standards..."—Manchester Guardian, on backward school-children

Depends on your nrom.





"Of course, if you feed it we'll never get rid of it."

High-Level Conversation

BY WILFRED FIENBURGH

OSTLY I confine myself to circles where the conversation is of the "Seen Sam lately?" or "How's your aunt's sciatica?" type. Sometimes, however, in the course of political duty 1 find myself moving at a higher level where more is expected of me. To arm myself I have sat at the feet of the masters.

I have watched how Nye Bevan will promote a desultory conversation about the quality of the tea to a philosophic discussion by injecting some remark such as "What most people don't realize is that the dynamic of functionalism is a synthesis of expediency and virtue." I have seen how Herbert Morrison will check a high-flying dissertation on the means to attain a social revolution in twelve months by looking up and saying "And what is the membership of your constituency party?" But being neither educated nor experienced and not having a very original turn of mind I have to rely for my erudition on the scattered leavings of other people's conversation. Which can lead to some occasional embarrassment.

Earlier this year I looked at a peaceful Rhine warmed by the spring sun. The banks were a romance of blossom and the toy castles on the hilltops looked like the doodles of an absent-minded mediævalist. The man with me, having been educated at Winchester, could, almost as a matter of course, admit to having been both a Minister in a Labour Government and a classical scholar.

"It must have been about here," he said, "that Cæsar committed his worst atrocity . . ." His voice rolled on. I did not listen. As the elementary schools in Bradford did not teach the classics during the 'thirties, I assume, in scholastic circles, an attitude of defensive indifference. I watched a small bird hop beneath the café tables. But some part of my mind, like a piece of blotting paper, must have absorbed the story.

For later that day we attended a reception given by the Vice-Chancellor of Western Germany. Beneath the crystal chandeliers we sipped Moselle and scoffed underdone beef from plates held precariously at breast height. A flunkey with an enormous tray of cigars, balancing a lighted candle, moved among us explaining to the ignorant British that the big light browns with pointed ends were better than the little black ones with straight cut ends. Suddenly I heard my own voice ring out with clarity and authority.

"It must have been about here," I said, "that Cæsar committed his worst atrocity . . ." My audience leaned forward appreciatively. It looked like a long story, they thought,

which with luck would relieve them of the strain of manufacturing conversation for at least ten minutes. So I had to go on.

"When Julius Casar was camping on this side of the Rhine he was troubled by a tribe which crossed his lines during one of its migrations." So far so good. I was word perfect. "His legions captured the whole tribe and brought the chiefs to Cæsar. After long discussions Cæsar dismissed them, telling them they might go on their way. They were grateful, and all that night there was feasting and junketing in their camp. Then, at midnight, the legionaries closed in. They punished every man, woman and child with the utmost barbarity, just to teach them a lesson." By now my audience was enthralled. A German ex-general said "Tut-tut." I basked in a glow of obvious respect for my scholarship.

"Of course there was a terrific row in the Senate. Condemnatory notices appeared on the order paper. Brutus made a powerful speech attacking Cæsar for breaking his Roman word, and in the end they sent him a very strong letter." I paused. The ex-general looked up from his glass.

"I wonder which tribe could that have been?" he asked. "Could it have been the Nervii?"

The game was up. I turned on my most beaming smile.

"I haven't a clue. Only heard the story myself this morning. Actually it's all Greek to me." And I walked away trailing smoke from one of the big light browns with pointed ends.

"Greek?" said a puzzled Teutonic voice behind me. he means Latin.'

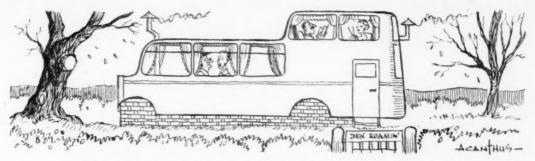
After such a debacle I am left without a theory or method of conversation to work on. Unless, that is, I do what has so often been suggested to me-listen to the other fellow for a change.

"COTTON CHIEF CALLS FOR DOUBLE

Sunday Times

These damned sales drives.





"What I object to is their having to pass through our flat to reach their own."

Wembley Exhibition, 1953

HE British Lion went on exhibition at Wembley last week, playing football with the Hungarians. Wembley is an admirable place for displays of our National Character, traditionally. The last time I was there was at the Exhibition of 1924, where I spent most of the time at a side-show in the Amusement Park.

"They change the can't keep up with their cue from the English players seemed similarly years late in pass and equally unable them. But they dogged as my un our bowler hats.

Here, a young springald, I was financed to the tune of seven shillings (by an uncle not normally known for rash expenditure) in successive attempts to turn a peroxide blonde out of her mechanical bed by throwing balls at a bull's-eye. My uncle and I both wore bowler hats and a faint flush, both were self-conscious but dogged, and both were at our most British. Wembley brings it out of one.

Various side-lights on the British character emerged during the Wembley game in the greyness of the day and the gloom of a dark defeat of 6-3. We had queued at jampacked buffets for hand-to-hand meat pies and saucerless cups of tea, with none of your damned Continental finicking. We had honoured the visitors with a sportsmanlike and diplomatic array of huge Hungarian flags, drooping on the poles above the vast Wembley bowl, motionless in the sullen air. It was a careful array-but, in our British way, of the wrong flags. For four or five years now, the crown on the Hungarian flag has been replaced by a rising star among sheaves of wheat.

The Secretary of the Football Association later remarked genially "They change the flag so often you can't keep up with them." Taking their cue from the Secretary, the English players during the game seemed similarly to be four or five years late in passing and tackling, and equally unable to keep up with them. But they were dogged, as dogged as my uncle and myself in our bowler hats. Alas, it's dogged as often doesn't do it. The English Eleven were as dogged as, say, the early Boer War generals.

By and large, Hungary appears to look on football as a game of chess to be played with iridescent steel dragonflies. England that afternoon looked as if we were remembering that we were a nation of poets. The English backs, Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Eckersley, seemed lost in creative reflection while the cherry Hungarian shirts drew lightning circles, triangles and rhomboids round them.

The Hungarians, looking at our multitude on a midweek afternoon, may go away with a mistaken impression of the English. Believing that Democracy works hard, the Hungarians (I take it) presumed that we had all come off night shift.

It was a pleasure, we agreed, to watch such beautiful football as the Hungarians played. Well, we British take our pleasures sadly, and certainly we took this one with sobriety. We began by open admiration: "If this is football," said a hushed Lancashire voice at my side, "what have we been playing all this time?" Yet as the Hungarian score mounted on the score board (under the vast poster reading "Celebrate

BY LIONEL HALE

Coronation Year with more National Savings") the note in the crowd changed. Stung by the dragonflies, the English began to express a simple desire to see the colourful Messis. Puskas, Hidegkuti and Kocsis scrubbed off the canyas of life.

"Get stuck into him, Johnston!" cried a wizened stripling off the night shift. "Give him the shoulder!" screamed a little Stakhanovite in pebble glasses. "Bowl him over, boy!" bawled some Company Directors, as earnestly as if urging greater ferro-manganese production.

Yet, when it became clear that England was to lose a game of Association Football at home for the first time, English philosophy returned. We began to remind ourselves that football was only a game. When at half-time (4—2, and disaster plain) the Bands of the R.A.F. entered the stadium in dirge-like slow time, we laughed. We laughed at the substitute Hungarian goal-keeper performing acrobatics.

As the Hungarian score rose, and rose again, a cheerful voice said "Well, they said it'd be the match of the half-century; and, damn it, I think they'll make it," and we all laughed again.

Now that I recall it, my uncle and I, in our bowler hats, laughed in a very British way at that side-show in the other Wembley Exhibition. My uncle and I were very British, too, and did not mind at all when the peroxide blonde, inviolate in bed, laughed louder than we. We raised our bowler hats to her as we departed, a little stiffly.



"Who do we know with a trebucket, dear?"

"Mr. Sukumar Sen, I Presume?"

JUBA, EQUATORIA

HERE was a nasty contretemps recently at a polling-station in Equatoria, when voters in the Sudan's protracted General Election were detected secreting their ballot-papers about their persons, with a view to rolling a few cigarettes. Prolonged study of the Election has convinced me that they were men of high intelligence, worthy to be classified by Mr. Sukumar Sen's mixed Electoral Commission in Khartoum as "more sophisticated."

I toiled down town in Khartoum, past Socrates' Beauty Saloon for Ladies and Gents and Rigopoulos's Confectionery and Bar Lord Byron, to call on Mr. Sen. He assured me that the various elaborate voting systems had been allocated only after profound study of the cultural level in each constituency. Mr. Sen can now take it from me that if his Commission had done the job by spinning a roulette wheel the results

would have been much the same. And far quicker.

However, for those who like their politics mingled with hollow merriment, there have been many compensations. In Kordofan, for instance, where an earnest little international group sweated and lurched for days over lunar roads to watch the sacred right of franchise exercised by tribes of the Djebel Nuba.

It was here that our American colleague finally obtained his reward. Until then his oft-repeated "Mr. Mo-hamed, why aren't these guys nood?" had begun to fray sensitive nerves. In the mud-thatch villages of the Djebels, as Mr. Sen's elaborate charade unfolded, there was noodity in plenty. More than half of those perplexed assemblies wore only tattoo-marks and cherished bits of copper wire.

At Shat el Dammam, the Commission had laid down, the men were to vote by inserting paper tokens into slits in petrol cans marked with pictures. For three hours perspiring officials endeavoured through interpreters (the tribesmen spoke no Arabic) to establish in the minds of the electorate some connection between the candidates and the ballot-cans. They failed signally.

True, many of the more advanced types were able to identify the horse picture as the likeness of a camel. But most clearly wished they had imitated the other ninety-two per cent of the electorate and kept well away from this sinister government ceremony.

However, there is no holding up the onrush of democracy, even if first steps may falter a little. "Why does that man look at me with a black thing?" asked one warrior apprehensively, indicating the Sudanese official cameraman. Meanwhile, our colleague had secured for the United States a banjo made from goatskin and fuse-wire, and a handsome bunch of leopard spears. The late owner of the banjo, six foot five and clad in the remains of a cartridge belt, received a visiting-card and a pressing invitation to visit New York.

That night we slept briefly at a rest-house in Kadugli. At dawn we were vouchsafed the spectacle of the representative of the Cairo Al Misri, sprinting trouserless from an outbuilding, pursued by a vengeful puff-adder.

Nor have I neglected to study Mr. Sen's "sophisticated urban populations." Somewhere on the White Nile I asked a prominent disciple of the Mahdi why he supported the Umma Party. There was a touch of Gertrude Stein about his reply, as he pensively wiped his nose on a corner of his galabiyeh. "The Umma Party is the Umma Party," he said. "It is the Umma Party."

Egypt, at least, has not failed to make good use of the interval which has elapsed since the election agreement was promulgated, and political consciousness on the Cairo pattern is spreading fast. Given another six months, and the continuance of cash supplies, there is no reason why the pro-Egyptian Union party

should not have had the thing buttoned up completely. As it is, they have done wonders in the time at their disposal.

I did not manage to reach the out-country of Kordofan and Darfur, where the nomad Kababish camelherdsmen move with their beasts over thousands of square miles of tundra. But the Commission had not forgotten their interests, and it called upon them to meet at district centres and vote by the direct method reserved for the elect. Churlishly preferring that their camels should remain alive, the Kababish returned an unopposed representative, and spoiled the fun altogether.

At this moment the Sen steamroller is at work in the humid south, where Dinka, Shilluk, Nuer and Bantu Zande inhabit the marches of Uganda, French Equatorial Africa, and the Belgian Congo. They are proving irritatingly unreceptive where mirages of government of the people by the people are concerned.

More than once I have watched warriors troop angrily away from polling stations, shaking their bows and spears. "They fear the British will go away, and hand them over to the Egyptians," said one Sudanese official near the Uganda border.

It seems they have grasped the essentials, after all.

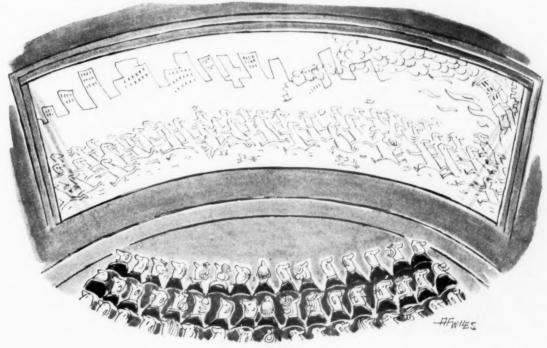
A. M.

Speaking as a Minnow

ONE looks forward to reading more
About financial wizard Mr. Charles Clore,
Now reported to be playing hell
With the Berkeley, Claridge's and the Savoy Hotel.

One is conscious of a half-formed wish That when it comes to ordering the fish He will have to bend his irresistible force on That irremovable object, Mr. George Dawson.

J. В. Воотняоур



The Trouble with Babies is BY PAT WALLACE

HIS is for mothers. Not for grandmothers, who are so corny about babies that they wouldn't believe it, or for fathers, who wouldn't even understand it. And it is simply a temperate exposition of the things new parents go through.

The trouble with babies is: they are anti-social, disruptive of adult life, dictatorial (often consciously), and choose to impose their pattern on lives that have gone on very comfortably and moderately without

them for twenty or thirty years. They deal in excesses themselves and bring others to their own unstable level, whether in pain, in emotion, in sentiment or in shopping.

They demand a good deal of hard physical work to keep them going at all, and the ruthless technique of a family butler to keep them out of one's hair. They degrade one to the state of anxious, fawning suppliants for a smile. We are babies' yes-men.

They hurt, too. Not in the

currently over-publicized business of producing them, but when it's a matter of their own will. As soon as they can have a hand in it, that hand is in your eye, and the other five darling, little pink fingers are clawing away at your glasses while they give you a shrewd kick in the wind with one delicate marshmallow of a foot.

I don't think they smell, though I do know a man who says he can tell the minute there's a baby or an apple in the house. They stop one having holidays. They curtail and often stop any frivolous spending on the part of any adult under the same roof. "I couldn't resist it" is more likely to apply, in fact, to a pink rubber whale—"See him spout, kiddies!"—than to a reasonably ridiculous hat after a baby has set its hygienic imprint on a household.

They force one to prance about on unnatural tip-toes after six o'clock in the evening, and this in spite of their cynical disregard for one's own six a.m. comfort. To have a baby, or two or three successive babies, in the house is like living perpetually under iron rules of conduct, and this is because they always get back at you. If you wake them they not only cry but induce in you a feeling of guilt second only to Cain's. And they sense that and hold it over you. They are nature's home-made Gestapo. (I understand this situation grows tenser as they get older.)

And another thing; their eyes are disconcerting. A brave parent would take the view that they are totally blank, but most of us cringingly ascribe to them the distant wisdom of Athens and the penetration of a dentist's drill. And they don't talk either, which is obviously pure caprice on their part. They quite evidently started all that thing about the strong and the silent, since at least no one can deny their strength. A single look, a preparatory baring of the gums, if necessary a shrill, batlike scream, and we come to heel. We have to. We've learned our lesson.

There are a very few advantages in having a baby about the place.



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One is the way they feel when you hold them in that tight, professionally correct grip. That's rewarding. And there's a certain satisfaction, not entirely æsthetic, in wrapping them in the criss-crosses of a fine Shetland shawl. The theory is that it gives them a feeling of warmth and security, but it makes their holders feel pretty secure too, because in that way the babies are pinioned up to the chin and all they can let fly with is a look of pure reproach or, at the worst, cold enmity.

Babies from the age of ten months upwards frequently induce cases of heart disease among their elders. The elders get the heart disease and the babies get a lot of exercise. They teeter to and fro at the tops of flights of stairs, they snatch up carving knives with insouciant, toothless grins, they larrup each other, almost lethally, with educational toys, and no Indian sword swallower has anything on them.

While grown-ups suffer, they thrive. We get nervous prostration, insomnia and overdrafts, and all they have to show for it is two rather undersized teeth. (These are sometimes referred to, by spinsters, as matched pearls.) Their hair grows, yours greys. I sometimes wonder why more women are not greeted with the cry of "Why, Mrs. Snooks, you don't look young enough to have a great big baby like that." It must be the indomitable charity of human kind.

Babies don't know that charity. They know other things instead, of fiendish ingenuity. Where to tweak and pinch; the hour of the night when the (adult) human body is at its lowest ebb of vitality and can be most readily dejected by a welltimed ululation or two; the psychological moment for being sick and the type of fur coat to aim at: the idiot-child goggle for the rich godparent, and the smile and outstretched arms for the tramp you had been hoping to ignore on a lonely country road. They know it all, babies.

And there's another thing. Have you ever noticed the change that comes over your sleekest and smoothest car if you get so much as one small child into it? Not that



they have to do more than just sit there: that disguises the car completely. You might as well be in a laundry van. The car becomes a purely utilitarian wagon, good for nothing but getting from point A to point B, with the smallest number of stops for hygiene. No baby, and I mean NO baby, ever travelled more than a couple of miles without an assortment of extremely undistinguished luggage. (You don't think Monsieur Vuitton ever heard of babies, do you?) They have bottles and rugs and shapeless bundles, and usually some hideous mechanism strapped on to the luggage carrier. Everyone, and particularly the driver, will arrive looking wild-eyed,

the immediately responsible adult will have a racking headache, and the baby will put on the finest act of rosy reasonableness you ever saw.

If I can, before the end of this article, I'll try to think of at least one more compensating advantage that the creatures possess, but now I must run. I hear the baby crying.

8 8

"LESSER FLEAS. Here is an irreverent novel of the London musical and literary world that is mordacious, discerning, coruscating, sadistic, ebullient, uncomfortably pertinent and above all hypnotically readable."

Publishers' advertisement

Steady. Save something for the bigger fleas.



"It's not raining that much."

To Cynthia, Not to Count the Change

Post Office workers have objected to the new 3s. 9d. books of stamps on the ground that giving change involves too much work.

 G^{IVE} me, dear heart, a book of stamps

As rosy as your lips,

Or nails that deck like danger-lamps Those faultless finger-tips,

Let those soft hands but make it mine, And we may overlook

The price which, fixed at three-andnine,

Is printed on the book.

I do not sue for green or blue, Or all the rainbow's range:

Let me but see your heart's blood's hue,

And I'll not ask for change.

Change vexes every soul alive, Including you and me;

For if I gave you shillings five,

The change were one-and-three;

But I could easily have done
What would have vexed you
more:

If I should tender five-and-one, It would be one-and-four.

No, Cynthia, never count the change,

Let no such doubts distress Nor calculation disarrange Your beauty's perfectness. Love knows no mundane maximum, Nor shall there be to mine,

Though nine-and-six should make it come

As high as five-and-nine.

Oh disregard the mounting score, However high it mount:

For still the more I pay, the more

Will be the change to count;

And love himself will still outbid The arithmetic mind.

Suppose I make it several

And take the change in kind?
P. M. HUBBARD

Nature Beside Herself

BY RICHARD MALLETT

AS if," Cogbottle said in a challenging tone, "Nature hadn't been there all the

He stared at Upfoot, who looked back suspiciously.

Cogbottle went on: "It's like those American cartoonists. I don't know that they do it so much now, but there was a time when they were constantly having cartoons about the world."

"What world?" said Upfoot, against his better judgment.

"The world," said Cogbottle.
"There the world was, a character in the actual cartoon, with his oblate-spheroidal head all marked out in latitude and longitude squares like a hand-grenade—I can see it now, looking surprised or outraged or whatever, with little sort of disconnected whiskers radiating from the top to indicate astonishment or indignation or—or—or—"

"Steam," said Upfoot. There was a pause, then he said cautiously "But—well—how do you mean, that's like the Nature-steps-in business?"

"It's the same principle," Cogbottle said, "of using one term in the equation twice. Think—the world couldn't watch, as an outsider, something that was happening in

the world, now could he? Where would he stand, for one thing?"

"Oh, well---"

"And it's the same principle in this idea people are so fond of trotting out, Nature steps in or Nature takes a hand. They've got some muddle-headed notion that Nature is a separate entity, standing on one side with a sort of motherly beam or frown of disapproval and watching the boys have their fun till suddenly, Wham!—she steps in, and everything changes. Crazy."

Upfoot reflected for some moments and at last said "You mean the boys having their fun, whatever it is—flying at seven hundred miles an hour, or Woomera, or eating bread with agene in it—are all—"

"Exactly. They're part of Nature. Everything's part of Nature. It wouldn't exist if it weren't."

"Supernatural," said Upfoot, looking gratified at finding the word. "Vos."

After another pause Upfoot said in an almost plaintive tone "But I see what they mean, you know."

"Oh, so do I, but there isn't any sense in it. They're just quite arbitrarily personifying Nature and crediting her with their own opinions. What right have they got—"

"Right!" repeated Upfoot.
"You suggest they pay any attention to—"

"They think they have a right. Or rather," Cogbottle said, "they don't think at all, that's what I complain of. They just assume they take the correct view of Nature. They maintain that Nature was responsible for everything up towell, up to the invention of the internal-combustion engine, and has disapproved of everything they disapprove of since. Nature includes lawns, and therefore mowers, so long as they are pushed by an aged gardener who knows about the weather (but even so it would be more 'natural' for him to use a scythe), but not motor-mowers and artificial fertilizers. When these are used and something goes wrong they say Nature steps in, and they're complacent about it, as if-

"I suppose you know the one about the pitchfork," Upfoot interrupted. "The Latin one."

Cogbottle said "Oh, I know they've been saying the same sort of thing for two thousand years, but that doesn't make it any more sensible."

"I never said it did. All I mean is, it's obviously natural."

"Precisely what I object to," said Cogbottle. "It shouldn't be. They ought to think a bit about what they mean. They've got no business to go on repeating these airy clichés under the impression that they're profound truths about life, when a little thought—"

"And after two thousand years, your patience is exhausted."

"Yes. It's time somebody took a stand."

"Time somebody stepped in."

"Yes."

"Who do you think you are," said Upfoot—"Nature?"

A A

"He accepted that there was no disagreement in the House that there could not be an unlimited roof to subsidies. They were on common ground on the ceiling."—The Times, reporting Major Lloyd-George

Get off my gum-shoe!



Mr. Boniface

BY GEOFFREY GORER

F you are stopping at the hotel he manages, Mr. Boniface will probably ask you to call him Charlie after two or three days; if you patronize the private bar at all

regularly you will be on Christianname terms in two or three weeks; if you only go to the public bar it will take somewhat longer. Mr. Boniface has always been a naturally friendly person, and he is also convinced that such matiness is good for business. Consequently not even he himself is any longer certain to what extent such bonhomie is sincere.

The hotel is only of moderate size, and was probably originally built as a country house; except for the furniture the upper storeys have been very little changed since the building was privately owned. Downstairs, however, there is a cocktail lounge which somewhat incongruously marries paper-thin "half-timbering" with chromium plate, horse brasses and indirect lighting: the public bar has been less beautified. Rooms can be hired for occasional receptions. There are a few permanent and solitary boarders; but most of the hotel's clientèle comes from the "nicer" people of the neighbourhood and visitors whom they can no longer entertain in their own homes. Commercial travellers are accepted, though not exactly welcomed; but a line is drawn at coaches.

Mr. Boniface is not the proprietor. The building is owned, if not by a brewery, by some other large holding company, who hired Mr. and Mrs. Boniface as managers, and who will have few qualms in dismissing them if the profits are not satisfactory. Their home and their livelihood depend on attracting and keeping sufficient custom.

Mr. Boniface is not "quite quite," but he is very nearly. He probably had a commission during the war, and profited by the experience; but Mrs. Boniface did not have these advantages. This matters the less, since she appears relatively little in the public rooms, save to give an occasional hand at the bar; she does

most of the work, while Mr. Boniface attracts the customers, and makes them feel "at home." More precisely, he makes them feel that they are on an enjoyable visit; and, by and large, he is successful in this difficult task. He takes pains to introduce people who, he thinks, will have something in common. Originally, this was prompted almost entirely by good will; but he has not been able to



help observing that the sales of drinks tend to mount with mutual hospitality when former strangers get on together.

Mr. Boniface had not really 'found his feet" when war broke out, though he'd spent a few years in "business"; and when he was demobilized nearly seven years later he found himself with the necessity of earning a living and maintaining a home without either capital or any marketable skills or assets, except his personality. He had always had a "knack" of getting on with people generally; he very much liked being liked; and despite his lack of previous experience he finally succeeded in "selling" himself to the hardheaded business men who were converting country houses into country hotels.

At first he did not realize quite how literally he had sold himself; the job seemed like a "lark" despite the unforeseen complexities of dealing with accounts and the difficulties of

maintaining a staff. Only gradually did he discover that he had lost the freedom to dislike anybody, however uncongenial, who had the price of a drink or a meal in his pocket; that he could no longer show preoccupation with his own affairs nor indulge in the luxury of moods; that general civility entailed the almost complete absence of intimacy.

The first few times he succeeded in cozening surly characters into taking a supernumerary drink he was pleased both at his skill and the fact that he had "cheered them up a bit": later, as he became more conscious of the bar accounts, of the kitchen expenses, the benevolence was displaced by calculation. Gradually he altered his dress, his mannerisms and his turns of speech (he was always adaptable) to a facsimile of those of his more prosperous and more constant customers; it is not always immediately easy to tell him from his clientèle when he is the wrong side of the bar.

His domestic life lost much of what his customers gained. The heavy and routine work fell on his wife, who had to put her hand to any or all jobs as the intermittent staff caused unexpected gaps. They were seldom together except for hurried meals and late in the evening. They had both hoped to have children, but this is no longer a probability; the business would disintegrate if Mrs. Boniface were not there to "cope" with the endless She cannot afford emergencies. even minor illnesses.

Mr. Boniface seldom sees his old friends from the Services or earlier life; the hotel is open seven days a week. In the midst of pals and buddies and dear old friends he is a very lonely man. He will, however, give you the impression that he is genuinely pleased to see you and interested in you if you stop at his hotel, or even drop in for a quick one. He gives good value for money, both to his customers and his employers; in fact, with a pardonable exaggeration, one might say that he has given his soul for it.



DIARY OF A TRAMP



Interlude for Eels

BY RONALD DUNCAN

PRING is a hope, winter a certainty. November can be as cruel as a circular saw. With the first sign of frost only fools stay where they are.

Like most tramps, I usually winter along the Cornish Riviera. If you've been on the roads as many years as I have you keep going south as soon as the leaves begin to fall. A man doesn't have to be very wise to have the wit of a swallow, nor very rich either to move in the same direction. And until they build the Channel Tunnel for us, around Penzance is the next best thing to the Mediterranean.

But here I am, with the beech

MYTAKOR

trees already bare, caught on the bleak rump of Wiltshire, scuttling along the road between Newbury and Marlborough. An east wind blows across the downs. One thing to be said for the National Press, it does help to keep some of the draught out if worn between your shirt and your vest.

The reason my migration has been delayed this year is due solely to my gluttony. I must confess that, like most vagrants and gentlemen of taste, I have a weakness for freshwater fish of any kind. But when it comes to smoked trout or smoked eel, my weakness becomes a vice, and I am quite undone.

How was I to know when I curled up, late at night, on a heap of wood shavings in a carpenter's shed outside Basingstoke, that I would spend a whole week there? That was not my intention. But in the morning, when I peered out of the window, I observed that I'd wandered into a watercress farm.

I stretched myself into shape again, then stalked out into the dawn and inspected the beds. They consisted of about eight acres in all. divided into concrete baths, measuring 20 yards by 10. Fresh water from the river nearby trickled gently through them. They were so thick with cress there was no sign of the water beneath. Fresh watercress goes very nicely with game. And as I'd still got half a cold pheasant in my inside pocket-not poached. but mercifully removed from a rabbit trap the night before-I knelt down between two beds to help myself to a clump, and sluice my face at the same time.

"Looking for work?" said a voice behind me, nearly causing me to lose my balance.

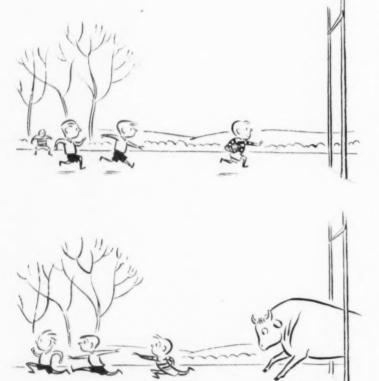
I stood up indignant. "I am not," I replied. "Do I look as though I am?"

"Just helping yourself, eh?"

"How was I to know there'd be anybody about as early as this?" I complained.

"Trespassing too?" the farmer said. "Well, we won't run you in this time if you help load those boxes on to the lorry . . ."

Work is one thing, drudgery another, and I don't like either. It took three men and myself over two hours handling the cold wet crates, before the lorry rumbled off to Covent Garden. That's the worst of work, it gives you such an appetite you have to work again in order to satisfy it. Having wolfed all my pheasant at breakfast I was seduced



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into staying on to clean out one of the beds in order to earn my luncheon.

This entailed standing on duck boards and shovelling out black silt into a truck. And as I say, there was an east wind blowing, and the water kept running down the handle of the spade, right up my arm, even into my inmost recesses, and drenching The Sunday Times.

But by midday I began to see concrete, and my spade scraped the bottom. It was then I espied a deliciously fat slither of eels, hopelessly trapped by the wall. Even their agility couldn't escape my spade. I caught two in as many minutes, one weighing at least two pounds. I then remembered the pile of wood shavings I had slept on in the carpenter's shed, where they made the watercress boxes. I threw my spade down. I had worked needlessly, the eel would do for both lunch and dinner.

When nobody was looking I stuffed a couple of sacks with the shavings, then cleaned two eels, and smoked them over the smouldering fire, which I lit in a nearby quarry. They could have done with much more smoking, but were tasty enough to undo my plans to hurry south. And I found myself volunteering to clean out another concrete tank next morning.

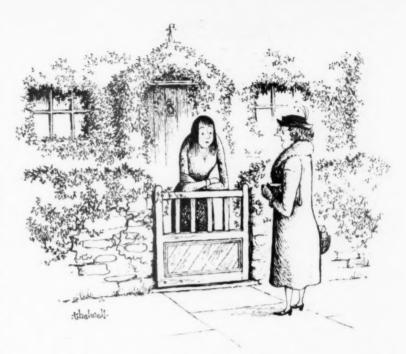
The farmer was surprised, so was I. But when eels are the wage packet, even loading sludge is light work. But two things put an end to the contract: firstly, I used the shavings up quicker than the carpenter made them, and secondly, after a week of this diet, my stomach revolted for lack of stale bread.

That's how I was delayed, and now find myself out in this wind, scampering towards the Savernake Forest for a night's shelter. True, there's a workhouse in Marlborough, but after a week's sludge-dredging the very name is more than enough for me.

9 5

Mr. A. W. G. Kidd

WE learn with regret of the death of Mr. A. W. G. Kidd, who contributed light verse to Punch between 1909 and 1938.



"Doesn't all the ivy make the place damp?"

Jeune Fille Bien Elevée

I WAS sauvage, so I was told, when I arrived in Paris.

And manquée this and manquée that, as every English Miss Whose conversation was pas snob and clothes arranged comme ci comme ça. But malgré tout, I could be taught, as English Misses sometimes are.

After some months I became assez bien if not quite tout à fait,
And though I was still the English Miss I was very much less manquée,
And if encore gauche, I had commenced, vraiment, at last to compris.

That Paris could be infiniment gai when on l'appelle Paris.

And when I had rested une bonne année and was part of le je ne sais quoi,
Then my hats were très clown and my repartee snob and—honi soit
Qui mal y pense—my progress was thought quite rédoutable
Pour une Anglaise: in fact I was une Miss épouvantable.

But I have 'wasted my time, I find, upon returning home,

For my parents are most displeased to see what I have now become.

And mother says "Let's hope, my dear, that you'll forget your nonsense,

And replace your rubbishy fal-de-lals with things of common sense."

I therefore must unlearn my chic and call Paris Paris,

And arrange myself comme ci comme ça, or rather that and this.

But I would say, if I were asked, that the parents of une Anglaise

Are un peu John Bull to expect that le Paris will teach her English ways.

EVELYN ROCHE

You're Pleased to Meet Me BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

HATEVER your walk of life—actor, journalist, musician, psychiatrist, politician, Masonic entertainer or plain, ordinary, bluff, bronchial, commonsensical man - in - the - street—the prospects of increased scope for the television artist will have set you speculating on the best niche in which to wedge your own undoubted videogenic talent. Speculate no longer.

For fame, fortune, fan-mail and regular employment (say) every other Friday, there is no job in television to beat that of celebrity-interviewer; it requires no special gifts beyond the ability to conceal a small pasteboard *aide-memoire* in the palm of the hand, and no special training beyond the mastering of the few simple rules below:

Dress

Some small outlay is needed here, but it will be well repaid—perhaps, who knows, by merely revealing to ten million viewers the tailor's tab inside your inner pocket? At any rate, it is necessary to be better turned-out than the celebrity sharing the screen with you, thus placing him at an essential disadvantage from the start.

No erudite philosopher, seeing your pencil-thin evening tie, can fail to be conscious that his own is lumpy, tormented and under his left ear; no eminent submarine geologist, seeing your heavy silk lapels, can fail to blush at the shirred and snagged facings of his own; when the only living man to have traversed the Gobi Desert by bicycle catches

Gobi Desert by bicycle ca

sight of your faultless waistline he can think of nothing but his own top trouser-button jutting up perkily between the points of his disgusting old horseshoe-vent waistcoat. All this takes the bombast out of a celebrity. He may be a big noise among the lepidoptera of Thailand, but he doesn't amount to very much at Lime Grove.

Deportment

This is a thing of subtle nuances, often of a delicate conflict between the spoken word and the manner of its delivery. Consider the standard opening: "So you're just back from Tibet, Sir Clive?" Spoken flatly, this could invite a fulsome stream of anecdote, which might well keep an over-suggestible cameraman focused on Sir Clive for all of a minute and a half. Spoken, however, with the mere twitch of a mouth-corner and a barely perceptible easing of the throat upwards out of the collar, it conveys that no one but a fool would go to Tibet when he could stay snugly in London taking free lunches off celebrities who want to get on television.

You have your man on the defensive at once. He is sure to reply "I'm afraid so," and look down apologetically at the cracked toe of his evening pumps. In the same way, the conventional "That must have been tremendously exciting" lends itself to delivery on a stifled yawn, and "Grand, simply grand" on a flickered glance at the studio clock.

Control

Never lose control of the situation. Your words may perhaps express your gratification that the celebrity should have called on you, but you should guard against their literal interpretation. You don't mean it, and your guest must know that you don't mean it. What you do mean is that he's jolly lucky to be on television at all, especially with you. This is your programme, and he'd be nowhere without you. Close your mind firmly to the opposite argument.

Should doubts creep in, remind

yourself that this celebrity is probably known only to a few hundred students of old fish, or Inca remains, or polyphonic orchestrations for Solomon Islands percussion bands . . . whereas ten million viewers count the hairs in your moustache once a fortnight.

Script

You will, of course, have no script in the accepted sense, except for your aide-memoire. What I mean by this heading is the exchange of words between you. Most of these should be yours, and timing is vital. Inexperienced interviewers often make the mistake of allowing a celebrity to finish a sentence. This only encourages him to start another, and since it is essential for your palmed notes to be fully exploited, unless it is to appear that your guest knows more about this subject than you do, you must adopt the practice of finishing his sentences for

This is simplest when the celebrity is a foreigner, struggling ineptly in smattered English, and many interviewers gain their chief triumphs in such conditions. But the victory is a relatively cheap one -the helpful throwing in of a "very good" or "very nasty," with a gesture of making hoop-la throws with the hands-and it is the celebrity who begins on a deep breath, "I had a most extraordinary experience once when I was swimming the Hellespont" who needs clever handling. The riposte should come like lightning: "Lovely bathing, the Hellespont. Tell me, Professor, did you see the Acropolis at all?" And so on.

As I say, the whole thing is absurdly easy. And excellent training, incidentally, for the day—not too far ahead at this rate—when another celebrity-interviewer interviews you.

8 8

R.S.P.C.A. Please Note

"Life is rather like a horse race. You keep pushing against a brick wall. Then it gives, and you are through into the sunlight."—From a broadcast talk

THE PLASTIC MAC



Another Misleading Case

BY A. P. H.

In re the goods of Trample, C. M., deceased: Trample F. v. Commissioners of Inland Revenue

SITTING in the Chancery Division, Mr. Justice Puce to-day began to deliver a considered judgment in the "Endowed Widow" case. Crowds gathered outside the Royal Courts of Justice from an early hour, and the fascinating plaintiff received an ovation when she arrived in a pale-blue toque and a primrose limousine.

His Lordship said: "The plaintiff in this case impressed me very favourably, which is more than I can say for the defendants. Fay, if I may call her Fay, after a brief career on the stage, married Cyrus Trample, a man about forty years her senior. Mr. Trample had acquired a large fortune in various ways, ranging from the conduct of a betting business to the financial support of those American musical plays which are now a permanent feature of the British way of life. It was during the rehearsals for one of these entertainments that he met, and was instantly-and, may I add, very naturally-bowled over by the plaintiff. He suffered, it seems, from high blood-pressure, and an overworked heart; and three years after the wedding, to Mrs. Trample's great distress, he suddenly died.

"The plaintiff was also upset by the will, in which she was named as sole executrix. The dead man left some £750,000, on which, after payment of sundry small debts, the Estate or 'Death' Duties have been reckoned at the cruel figure of £525,000. There was also a long list of substantial legacies, some to institutions such as the British Bloodstock Society, the Bookmakers' Benevolent Fund, the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association, and others to numerous individuals in the sporting and theatrical world, old servants, and, it has been suggested, flames. The residue of the estate was to go to the widow: but, what with Death Duties and the legacies, that residue looked like being much less than the plaintiff expected and, according to her evidence, deserved. Further, for reasons to which I shall come presently, she declined to have anything to do with the will: she therefore took no steps to obtain a grant of Probate, and, indeed formally renounced her right to do so.

"The defendants, that repugnant body the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, as eager and as prompt as vultures to get at the dead, thereupon flew down upon the Court of Probate and secured authority to administer the estate, to abstract their ghastly duties, to discharge the sundry small debts and pay the legacies. The plaintiff now appears before the Court as the principal creditor of the estate and asks that the Commissioners be ordered to pay to her the sum of £700,000.

"Mrs. Trample's case is delightfully simple. The couple were married at St. Peter's Church, Lump Street, in 1949: and the evidence is that during the ceremony the deceased man, addressing the plaintiff, solemnly used these words:

'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'

"Nothing could be plainer. The word 'endow' is an absolute word, descended from the Latin word dotare—'to give'. One of the secondary interpretations in the great Oxford English Dictionary is 'to provide (by bequest or gift) a permanent income . .' 'Endow,' in short, is something quite different from 'lend' or 'share.' It denotes a complete, an enduring, transference of property.

"Now, in lovers' talk, or romantic poetry, such strong plain words may be used in unreal, exaggerated fashion. In an old song one of the parties-I believe both-says 'I will give thee the Keys of Heaven.' No Court would listen to any suit that was founded upon such an undertaking. But the present case is very different. The Marriage Service-or. to give it its due title 'The Solemnization of Matrimony'-may be regarded as a religious ceremony having the force of a civil contract, or as a civil contract adorned and glorified by the blessing of the Church.

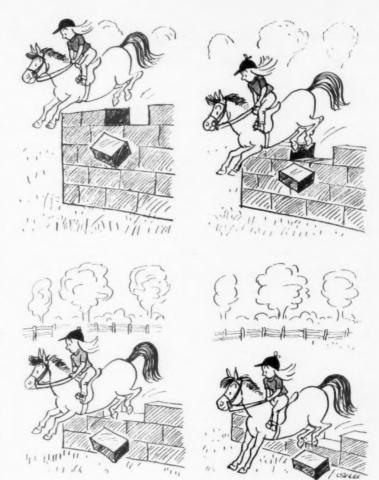


Whichever way it is regarded, the central fact remains that it is a binding contract, creating legal rights, obligations and penalties. Accordingly, says Mrs. Trample, all Mr. Trample's 'worldly goods' were made over to her, in due form, absolutely and finally, on the day of the wedding. It follows from that, first, that the will, with all its legacies, inasmuch as it purports to dispose of money which Mr. Trample no longer possessed, cannot be effective save in respect of any after-acquired property, and secondly, that no Death Duties can properly be levied upon 'estate' which did not, in fact, belong to the deceased. (A gift 'in consideration of marriage,' by the way, is exempt from the wicked law that gifts made less than five years before death are subject to Death Duties.)

"To this straightforward claim the Attorney-General, for the Crown, made some replies which, upon reflection, I am sure he will agree, were hardly worthy of his high office."

Sir Anthony Slatt: "My Lord, with great respect, I said nothing that—"

The Court: "Don't splutter, Sir Anthony. First of all, you made the absurd complaint that the alleged contract was not in writing. You quoted a wearisome list of cases on Section 4 of the Statute of Frauds which says, among other things, that no one can be 'charged' 'upon any agreement made in consideration' of marriage, unless the agreement 'or some memorandum or note thereof' shall be in writing and signed by the party to be charged. I decline to flounder in your morass of cases, Sir Anthony. The evidence is clear that immediately after the ceremony both parties to the contract signed a certificate showing that they had just been married 'according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England.' Those rites and ceremonies invariably include the words upon which the plaintiff relies. Those words are read from a book authorized by Act of Parliament: and I hold, without doubt, that, coupled with those words, the certificate, a copy of which is treasured by every proud and loving



wife, is a sufficient 'memorandum or note in writing.'*

"Indeed, if it were not so, where should we be? What would become of the holy estate of matrimony? Each party to this strange contract undertakes to 'keep herself (or himself) only unto the other.' Any failure to do that may have important legal consequences. A husband who fails may be sued in the divorce court: or you yourself, Sir Anthony, may prosecute him for bigamy in a criminal court. Intra contractu non distinguendum: or, in other words, neither the Crown nor the subject

can be permitted to pick and choose among the clauses of a contract, accepting only those which advantage it.

"But the Crown has impudently suggested that there was no true 'mutuality' or consent, or, shortly, that the husband did not mean what he said. The Attorney-General took us back to the ancient days, in which the words of the marriage contract were first devised. In those days the property of a woman passed absolutely, and automatically, to her husband, on marriage. The words about 'endowing,' Sir Anthony suggests, were a mere rhetorical acknowledgment of a husband's duty to maintain his wife. That duty still remains: but now that, by statute, a married woman's property remains her own, it would be a preposterous reversal of history and equity, says the Attorney, to give any literal

^{*} See Ridgway v. Wharton (1857): Cranworth C. said: "The statute is not complied with unless the whole contract is either embodied in some writing signed by the party, or in some paper referred to in a signed document, and capable of being identified by means of the description of it contained in the signed paper... The two writings in the case I have put become one writing."



"The time to start wondering whether his intentions are serious or not is when he buys you a dinner that isn't on the firm."

force to the husband's promise to 'endow.' The words, he said, must be regarded as an archaic and meaningless survival.

"Such thoughts may well have been in the minds of the leaders of the Church of England when, in 1928, they put forward a revised version of the Prayer Book, now known as the 'Deposited Book.' If their numerous amendments had been allowed to prevail, Mr. Trample would have said:

'All my worldly goods with thee I share.'

But Parliament, after long debate, refused to permit that alteration. The present words, therefore, are much more than an archaic and insignificant relic. They may be said to have modern Parliamentary sanction: and Parliament, which gives such close attention to the marriage ceremony and its civil consequences, must be assumed to intend that every word in it having civil or secular consequences shall be strictly interpreted.

"Even if I were wrong in this conclusion, which is most unlikely, it would be of no assistance to the defendants in this case. It was laid down long ago by better Judges than

I am that a man is bound by an agreement to which he has expressed a clear assent, uninfluenced by falsehood, violence or oppression. The Courts, for example, will not permit one who has entered into a contract to avoid its operation on the ground that he did not attend to the terms of it, that he did not read the document, or supposed it to be a mere form.

"The present case is stronger still. At a premarital cocktail-party the plaintiff was heard by two or three of the witnesses to say that she was reluctant to promise publicly that she would 'obey' her husband. The deceased replied (Q. 1978) 'You jolly well will say "obey": and you jolly well will "obey." Ha, ha.' 'O.K.,' responded the plaintiff, in the modern argot, 'and you will jolly well

"endow" me.' The deceased, then, received an express reminder of this particular term in the contract before it was made: and the plaintiff, it seems, did not allow him to forget it thereafter.

"The Attorney-General made some play with the suggestion that the deceased did not acknowledge by his behaviour the alleged 'endowment,' that he managed his affairs, and his money, as if he were master of both. 'Too right,' the plaintiff testified, in her charming, unaffected fashion. Mr. Trample, it; seems, like other wealthy men, made no high name for generosity. Indeed, she said simply, he was 'a mean old -.' He gave her a monthly allowance ('From my own money! the plaintiff exclaimed in the box) which fell far below the level of her merits, her needs, and her rights. 'Time and again' (Q. 2003) 'I said Hey! What about "endow"? Hand over my stocks and shares.' Cyrus only grinned and said "Wait a while, honey. You eat well, don't you?" (Q. 2224). When he died, I was on my way to a solicitor.' The Attorney-General will agree, I am sure, that a contract does not cease to exist because one of the parties

ignores its existence. Don't mutter, Sir Anthony.

"It was then contended, most unworthily, I thought, for the Crown, that this term in the contract was governed by the words of the marriage service 'till death us do part,' and therefore lapsed on the death of Mr. Trample. That argument, no doubt, applies to the undertakings about future behaviour-'I will cherish'-'I will obey, love, serve. and so on' 'till death us do part'for the State, unlike the Church, does not insist upon impossibilities. But the words about 'endowing' are in another section of the service, one of three positive assertions of present fact-with no reference to death whatever: 'I (now) thee wed . . . I (now) thee worship . . . and, with all my worldly goods I (now) thee endow.' The Court may listen to a man long-married who says that he no longer 'worships' his wife and is no longer willing to give her money, but not to one who says that that was the situation at the time of the marriage. The Crown's case must fail here too.

"I find, then, that at this wedding the deceased man, in considation of his wife's promise to love. honour, obey, serve and so forth, did in fact, once and for all time, endow her with 'all his worldly goods' that is, with the worldly goods that he possessed on that day, which, by reference to income-tax returns and other records, have been assessed at £700,000. He seems to have made some more money during his married life, and from that excess the Commissioners may extract what is lawful, and the legatees what they can. But gifts, as I said before, made in consideration of marriage are exempt from the wicked five-years' rule relating to Estate Duty, and £700,000, no less, must be paid to the plaintiff. Many brides, it is said. decline to utter the word 'obey.' Some husbands, it may be, would be wise to shy away from the word 'endow.' But Mr. Trample, though well warned, did not: and he, or rather his estate, must accept the consequences. Costs against the Crown. I should like all present to give three hearty cheers for Fay."

This was done.

How to Unveil a Bust

BY WOLF MANKOWITZ

AKE the most fashionable gallery in New York. Take elegant Wildenstein's, for example, where the salon is massive with Bonnards, frosted with Camilles, and important with Renoirs. Place beneath a large marble

beneath a large marble Giovanni de Bologna (involving, in some way or other, snakes) a string trio. The harpist is a thin lady in a blue shot-silk dress, and her fingers eagerly torture the strings. The violin is tired yet still dark and romantic as if his normal work was nights in a Hungarian restaurant. The violoncello (a depressive nondescript) keeps time with stolid accuracy. They play, between pauses of half a minute, a selection from Carl Fischer's Favourite Orchestral Album. None of them is chewing gum.

At the entrance an usher collects your engraved card, your coat is placed beneath a Guardi. You are handed from a marquetry table a beautifully printed catalogue, drift past a magnificent set-piece of mixed chrysanthemums in every shade of yellow, past the trio playing (naturally) Liebestraum, into the far gallery.

The hosts and honoured guests are too busy being introduced to people they don't know to notice you glide past, although it is not impossible that at least three of the whispered "Pleased to meet you's" are meant for you, or, possibly, three other unknown guests.

In here you may celebrate the occasion with a glass of champagne, or, more appropriately, a cup of tea, for the bust unveiled is Mr. Frank Dobson's portrait of Sir Thomas Lipton, and a good cup of tea is far rarer in New York than a glass of champagne. The trio plays (spiritedly) Liebestraum, while backwards and forwards elegant ladies come and go talking of Jacques Villon's work at the Museum of Modern Art, observing that Villon has the advantage of being cheaper and less common than Toulouse-Lautrec, who has left pictures for

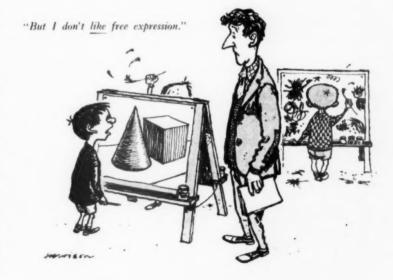
movies. A group of gentlemen in quiet lounge suits calculate expertly the sum total of the accumulated wealth present this afternoon (excluding the pictures, which are, after all, speculative).

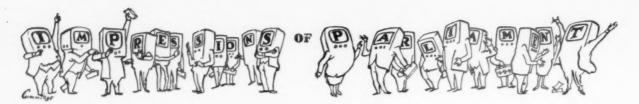
As for the bust, it gleams redly in the smallest gallery, a puckered puckish face in an old-fashioned yachting cap, and grasping a pair of binoculars with which to spy out the elusive America's Yachting Cupwhich, though he could not win, Lipton vet did fill with tea to the greater credit of England. The bust, modelled by Dobson from pictures, gave the artist trouble with the back of the head and the profile (for Lipton preferred being photographed full face). Yet it entirely convinced an elderly gentleman who had known well the philanthropic knight of the grocery; merry, bearded Dobson blushed, gratified, while the elderly admirer continued his rounds, repeating to anyone who would listen Will Rogers's remarks. "Possibly the world's worst vacht builder, but absolutely the world's most cheerful loser," wrote Rogers. "You have been a benefit to mankind, Sir Thomas, you have made losing worth while." New York made Sir Thomas's last defeat additionally

worth while by subscribing sixteen thousand dollars for an eighteeninch, eighteen-carat, gold loving cup, which Mr. Dobson had absent-mindedly left out of his composition.

The chattering groups of guests sipped politely, quietly viewed the unveiled bust, passed neutral and apposite remarks, and drifted out in their minks to the waiting cars. The trio (not unreasonably) played Liebestraum, and an old unkempt abstract artist who had known Lipchitz well in the great Paris days took off his beret, wiped his bald head, and muttered that Mr. Dobson must have worked with a compost of cold tea leaves.

No one knew how the aged cubist had infiltrated careful Wildenstein's, but fortunately the Impressionists had not been tampered with, the trio continued to play (expertly) Liebestraum, and a wealthy artlover suddenly realized how absurd it was for him to go on living without at least one small Guardi in the house. Meanwhile, unobserved, the bust of Sir Thomas Lipton puckered its eyes as if about to weep for the lost Cup of America-a cup which would have cheered the yachting tea-merchant to the point of inebriation.





Monday, November 23

Mrs. Jeger, the victor of Holborn, took her seat amid such cheers as she may well be glad to hear later in her

Parliamentary career.

The debate was on the second reading of the Industrial Diseases (Benefit) Bill, the object of whichto extend the provisions of the Pneumoconiosis and Byssinosis Benefit Act to cases of partial disablement should have commended itself to both sides. Unfortunately there are few Members of the Commons so strong-minded as to avoid the chance of scoring a party point when they think they see the opportunity; and though speaker after speaker on the Opposition benches began by expressing his gratitude for the Bill, there were several exchanges of partisan recrimination which can only be called, in the circumstances, sickening. Both sides of the House were equally to blame, and though the Bill itself is an admirable measure, the spirit in which it was debated reflected credit on no one. Black marks in particular to Mr. GERALD NABARRO and Mr. LESLIE HALE. The House subsequently turned its attention to the Armed Forces (Housing Loan) Bill, which was read a second time.

Tuesday, November 24

The Prime Minister was right and courageous in drawing on himself the obloquy that House of Commons: Emergency Legislation Was certain to arise from the Government's decision not to raise the pensions of retired officers whose pensions were stabilized in 1935 at nine and a half per cent below the 1919 level. Perhaps he thought that respect for his person would restrain the objections that were bound to come from his own supporters. If he thought this, he was wrong. Phrases like "wholly unacceptable, "outrageous," "thoroughly unsatisfactory" and "betrayal" erupted in a shocked crescendo, and mostly from behind the Premier's back.

Plainly stung, Sir Winston darted angry glances at his rebellious supporters, and his frank admission that he was "well aware that his answer would not be received with satisfaction" did nothing to improve matters. Mr. R. T. Paget sought leave, unsuccessfully, to adjourn the House forthwith; and Colonel Wigg gave notice that he would raise the matter again.

The rest of the day was devoted, most laudably, to the business of getting rid of surplus emergency legislation. Sir David Maxwell Fyee rightly said that the motions before the House were "forbidding and complicated," though he made them sound less so; but at least they were popular and on the whole uncontentious, and the House debated them with wit and even temper.

Wednesday, November 25

More than two hundred noble
Lords, some of whom looked
as though their
fidelity to the
Whip exceeded
their interest in television, packed
the Chamber for the debate on Lord
HALIFAX's "rebel" motion on television policy. It was a great pity
that Lord HALIFAX himself was kept

that Lord Halifax himself was kept by illness from attending; Lord HAILSHAM, who opened in his place, spun a glittering and seductive tapestry of phrases that was a delight to hear, but oratory is not argument. At least he avoided, among his kaleidoscope of analogies, the postulate so precious to the Halifaction, that because commercial broadcasting is vulgar in America, it must be here. As the Postmaster-General pointed out, the British character is guarantee enough that our programmes shall be as good as we want them; and, as Lord TREFGARNE said later, the Americans don't see anything wrong in their programmes anyway. The Archbishop of Canterbury was conciliatory; he wanted all concerned to get together and talk it over in a good old English way. Disappointingly, he did not rise to Lord HAILSHAM's bait about the golden calf. "Of course," the noble Viscount imagined the Israelites saying, "we all admire Jehovah tremendously, but a little golden calf will provide just that element of competition." But isn't the early Christian church a classic example of the beneficent effect of persecution—i.e. competition—on a minority?

The most telling point for the rebels was made by Lord Bever-IDGE. "Money speaks," he said; although the advertiser does not provide his own programme under the Government's plan, unless the programme is what he wants he just won't advertise, and the whole scheme will disintegrate.

It was interesting to note—Lord Brabazon drew attention to it—that those with previous experience of working with the B.B.C. were all to be found among the rebels: Lord Halifax, Lord Reith, Lord Brand, Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, Lord Waverley, Lord Samuel. Could it be that they were horrified at the idea of another broadcasting corporation being formed which might grow up to be like the first one?

In the Commons, Mr. Harold Lever, who had sustained a filibuster of two hours and seventeen minutes on Friday about the Cinematograph Film Productions Bill, spoke for another forty minutes before he finished what he had to say. The Bill was read a second time.



Thursday, November 26

The television wrangle went on again, perhaps the least bit out of control. The

House of Lords: Television— Repeat Performance Lord Chancellor led off with an attack on Lord Reith on grounds that would surely have been ruled out of order in Another Place. Lord Ammon hit out at commercial interests, as if it were more important to thwart them on principle than to allow the people an extra meed of entertainment. The "intellectuals," as Lord Salisbury called them-Lord JOWITT, LORD BRAND, LORD Waverley-looked with stern eyes on the national standards of amusement. ("If they only left their ivory towers," said Lord Salisbury, "they would find the world quite different from what they imagine it Most curious of all, Lord ROCHESTER seized the opportunity to attack the brewers, until checked

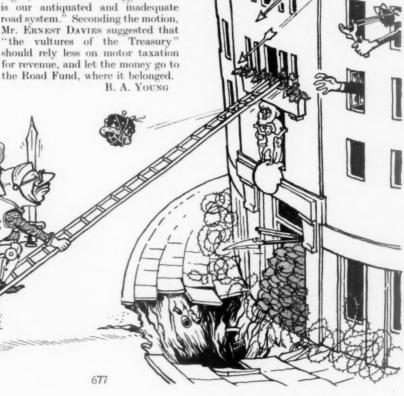
by a brewing peer, Lord MOYNE. A potent voice for the Government came from the Liberal benches. Lord LAYTON, while confessing his inability to admire television or even sound radio, spoke some sound commonsense about advertising; but the supporters of the motion were in no mood to be convinced, even by an expert. Lord Salisbury's summing-up was masterly. He reviewed the several arguments that had been deployed against the White Paper; the supporters of the motion, he charged, were "at one in opposing the Government proposals, but at one in nothing else." What, he What, he asked, was this new moral principle, which made advertising revenue perfectly respectable in any undertaking except on the air? Those who upheld it, he observed, were on the average considerably older than those who agreed with the Government's policy; the sexagenarians (he included himself), the septuagenarians and the octogenarians must not lay the dead hand of age on television.

There was a brief coda by Lord Hallsham, during which he lost his temper and threatened the Government that, even though they might win the division, they would lose the next election; and then the House divided, a delightfully novel experience for many of them. (The last big division was in 1948, when the future of the Lords was concerned.) The motion was lost by eighty-seven "contents" to a hundred and fifty-seven "not contents."

Friday, November 27

The Commons, many of whom seem to have been spending a good deal of their time

House of Commons: Private Members on the steps of the Throne lately. returned to their own stronghold to hear Mr. George Pargiter submit a motion calling attention to the need for long-term planning in road construction. "Let us shake ourselves out of this complacent attitude towards lost lives," he urged, "of which the biggest cause is our antiquated and inadequate road system." Seconding the motion, Mr. ERNEST DAVIES suggested that "the vultures of the Treasury should rely less on motor taxation for revenue, and let the money go to





BOOKING OFFICE Pound Foolish

Follies and Grottoes. Barbara Jones. Constable, 40/-

N an age when men only commit follies it is instructive to study an age when they built them instead. Lost in a world of such useful excrescences as the pylon and the power-station, the road-house and the council-house, the milk bar and the Odeon, there still lurk throughout Britain such useless amenities of the past as the grotto and the labyrinth. the temple and the hermitage, the sham castle, the sham ruin, the grotesque and the eye-catcher. a scholarly work with too few illustrations for the price Miss Jones now unmasks these relics of an age when men built for mere pleasure.

Dr. Johnson, she recalls, once remarked that "a grotto is a very pleasant place—for a toad," thus showing himself to be ahead of his time, when it was still thought pleasant enough for a nobleman. To-day Common Man is endorsing his verdict. Lately the progressive Urban District Council of Walton and Weybridge, together with the Ministry of Works, destroyed, with pneumatic drills, the celebrated Oatlands grotto, built by an unprogressive eighteenth - century nobleman, the Earl of Lincoln, at a cost of £40,000. At Hawkstone, in Shropshire, some cyclists, who were refused tea, destroyed part of a great labyrinth, and throughout the country ruins are being ruined right and left. Miss Jones's book, detailed as it is, should serve as a useful guide to those bent on completing this

Under its guidance the hiker, confident in his attainment of a more evolved civilization, may pass through the Eye of a Needle at Wentworth Woodhouse, in Yorkshire; eat his sausage rolls off a Druid's Sideboard at Alton, in Staffordshire; sleep them off in a Hermit's Sanctuary, made largely of elm disease, at Burley-on-the-Hill, in Rutland; push his way through a door, leading nowhere, in a sham façade at Shotover, in

Oxfordshire; or dance his samba on the floor, made from animals' teeth, of a grotto at Mereworth, in Kent.

With righteous disapproval, at West Wycombe, in Bucks, he may tread the paths of a garden laid out in the shape of a naked woman, and deride the Foolishness—the sky-scraper cottage, the sham church tower, the golden globe designed for orgies—of "Hell-Fire Francis," a nobleman who relieved his boredom not with TV but with black masses in the company of a horned baboon, in scarlet robes.



Complacent in his social security he may, at Pain's Hill, in Surrey. pity the hermit who, in answer to a nobleman's advertisement, agreed to live underground, invisible, silent, unshaven and unclipped, for seven years, for a life pension of £50 a year -but lasted out only four. Fully and mildly employed, he may regard with a supercilious air Solomon's Temple at Buxton, in Derbyshire, built "by public subscription to relieve unemployment," on top of a steep hill two miles' walk from the town; or the "neighbourhood unit for warrior owls," thankfully built, at the top of a 75-foot cone, by the glove-makers of Yeovil during a severe depression.

Smugly paying his taxes, he may, at Goodwood and Elmsleigh, deplore the bad old days when the Navy was used to bring home a shipload of shells for the grottoes of the Dukes

of Richmond and Bedford—thus outdoing the Duchess of Portland, who had killed a mere thousand snails for the decoration of a cave at Bulstrode. A later, stand-offish Duke of Portland built more than a mile of tunnel beneath his lake, by which he could drive to the station in a closed carriage and so proceed in it, on a truck, invisibly to London.

In the progressive nineteenth century, men, who were not even noblemen, still built towers for no more serious purpose than to look at a view—the Harlow Hill Tower at Harrogate, for instance, from which "it is possible to see seven of the great battlefields of England, the scene of twenty-four minor skirmishes, twenty market towns, seventeen castles, twenty-three abbeys and monasteries, seventy county houses and two hundred churches; and all these with the naked eye."

A merchant at Appledore built a tower so that he could watch the return of his ships-but did so on the wrong side of the hill, from which the sea was invisible. An M.F.H. at Shorncliffe, too old to hunt, built a tower from which to watch the hounds, but they had invariably disappeared by the time he got to the The tower of the temple of Jezreel, at Gillingham, was intended to reach to heaven, whither the one hundred and forty-four thousand Jezreelites-a religious sect-would be pulled up to God by their long, uncut hair. But the architect forgot the stairs.

The last nobleman to build a folly was Lord Berners, on a hill at Faringdon, in 1935. When a neighbouring admiral objected that it would spoil his view the architect, a Duke, protested: "But you could not see the tower from your garden without a telescope." To which the admiral replied: "It is my custom to look through a telescope at the view."

The Poor build follies still; Miss Jones records the cottage at Rochdale, whose walls were inlaid with "pot shards, broken tea-pots, cups, saucers, plates, oyster shells, iron bedsteads, photo frames with photos in them, cows' horns, funeral cards, complete

tea-pots, and cups for flower containers"; the miniature city on a garden wall at Yarm, complete with ramparts, bastions, town hall, obelisk, knights in armour, and a castellated screen to the coal house; and the garden at Leven, containing a shell-encrusted, single-decker bus, with a bird-cage for passengers, in a menageric of pheasunts, goats and monkeys.

The Poor will soon be with us no longer. But in a world which thinks it foolish to be wise, it is reassuring to reflect that some survive who think it wise to build foolishly. Kinross

Except the Lord. Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph, 12/6

Mr. Cary, who sometimes seems one of the best living novelists and sometimes to have a completely inexplicable reputation, is a kind of novelist who has been out of fashion for years. He is a character-actor in a world of personal-appearance artists. He gets absorbed in a man and when he is completely identified with his hero, as he was in *The Horse's Mouth* and as he is in his new book, he produces work so solid and vivid that we feel this must really be autobiographical, until we remember his other books.

This is an account in the first person of an Edwardian Radical's hard childhood in a Devon moorland village and his first experiences as a Union official. Chester Nimmo is dying: his political life is in ruins and he wants to gain sympathy by showing how his character was formed. The skill with which the ring of honesty is occasionally blended with disingenuousness is one of the incidental pleasures of a distinguished and very enjoyable book.

R. G. G. P.

Hornblower and the Atropos. C. S Forester. Michael Joseph, 12/6

What emerges from the latest Hornblower? That Mr. Forester can still spin a yarn which at times excites and enthrals almost painfully, at others

HUMOROUS ART

An exhibition of British and American humorous art, sponsored by Puncu, in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association has been opened at the Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Original drawings and enlarged reproductions, representing one hundred and fourteen contemporary artists, are shown in groups which compare the British and American approaches to the same subject. All the work has appeared in magazines or newspapers in this country or in the United States.

The exhibition will remain open throughout December from 10,30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., except Sundays. Admission is 1/- (children 6d.).

makes us thankful that we need never have his hero to dinner—much less his boring lady. Hornblower's hold on the reading public, though beyond dispute, remains as inscrutable as ever. Perhaps it is that the standard story-book hero scales heights of gallantry and resource, far beyond his reader's personal capabilities, with too great an ease. With Hornblower we are frequently, perhaps too frequently, shown his fears and misgivings and doubts and waverings, and because we can identify these with our own we can see ourselves scaling the heights too.

J. B. B.

The Image and the Search. Walter Baxter. Heinemann, 12/6

Mr. Baxter's Look Down in Mercy vividly described the retreat in Burma and the moral disintegration suffered by an officer engaged in it. At the end a few references to religion marginally decorated the hero's suicide. In his second book, there has to be rather more about religion to counterbalance the detailed, joyless descriptions of the heroine's sex life; there is even one of those wise old priests who are as useful in modern fiction as gnarled shepherds were in Romantic poetry.

The heroine's husband is "missing" and, after hectically consoling herself in London during the war, she searches for him in Spain, until she starts a brief affair with a peasant. The last part of the book, when she inspects her lacquer factory in India, gives Mr. Baxter a chance to display his interest in Asia and ability to describe it, thus alleviating the painfulness of the last stages in his heroine's disintegration or, as he apparently considers it, self-discovery.

R. G. G. P.

O Lovely England. Walter de la Mare.

Inevitably in a collection such as this-verses not previously published in book form though written at any time in the last forty years - there will be much that seems below standard: the more collectable items will have appeared in earlier volumes. Mr. de la Mare's peculiarly hit-or-miss style this tendency is likely to be accentuated, so it is surprising how many of the poems in his latest book are definite hits, though now his most successful themes are those of pessimism, despair, emptiness and terror, and often he has exercised his skill in producing the sinister undertones that used to appear in his short stories.

F. D.

Thurber Country. James Thurber. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6

The twenty-five pieces collected here include Thurber of practically every kind, from "The Figgerin' of Aunt Wilma," which might have been in his last book *The Thurber Album*, to

"The White Rabbit Caper," which applies the whisky-and-blondes privateeye style to the children's story. Some of the others exemplify the author's pleasure in misheard or misinterpreted words ("The Case Book of James Thurber" and "The Girls in the Closet"), some narrate cumulative misunderstandings in correspondence ("File and Forget" and "Joyeux Noël, Mr. Durning"), some are straight parodies ("A Final Note on Chanda Bell" and "The American Literary Scene"), some are stories with the characteristic undertones of psychological uneasiness or conjugal irritation. The first piece, advice to a young lady who asked about "rules for writing humour," should be read by everybody who ever tried to write humour; but then very probably indeed the whole book will be.

PIT

AT THE PLAY

A Day by the Sca (Haymarket) Someone Waiting (Globe)

R. N. C. HUNTER's enviable MR. N. C. HUNTER'S enviable habit of gathering a dazzling cast makes it difficult to judge his plays fairly at a first sitting, but to me A Day by the Sea is an advance on his Waters of the Moon. In that there was certainly a more openly dramatic clash-between the two worlds of success and failure; at several points, however, its contrivance appeared artificial, whereas the much quieter conflict in the new play, which is simply between the characters and life, has deeper significance. It would have still more if Mr. HUNTER had allowed his people to develop; as it is, their separate frustrations are woven into a pattern of resignation that hardly changes. But this pattern is delicate and interesting, telling us less than it



"Have you anything suitable for a confirmed misanthrope?"

suggests as gradually it unfolds the individual stories. The influence of Chekhov is even clearer than before.

The only person whose outlook alters is the priggish diplomat who takes a professional toss and decides to live less grimly. Otherwise we end just about where we started. His mother will continue to fuss over the family estate, trying to keep her temper with an ancient invalid who has become a part of her; his early love, now a widow too disillusioned to accept his belated proposal, will go on drifting; the drunken doctor, a limpet on the establishment, will stick philosophically to the bottle, and the forlorn governess who has pathetically offered him a home will still be torn by other people's children. Nobody suffers very much, except the governess. The only scene which really moved me was her infinitely gentle rejection by the doctor. But though the play is emotionally uncertain, against that we can put its insight, its gentle humour and its unusual sympathy. You come away feeling that on the whole this is what would have happened, and how often do you do that?

Apart from bringing a visiting diplomat to a beach picnic carrying gloves, Sir John Gielgud's production matches a brilliant cast. He himself plays the prig, with a deliciously dry detachment. As his scatter-brained mother Dame Sybil Thorndike burbles superbly. Miss Irene Worth is excellent as the widow, Miss Megs Jenkins gives the governess a touching dignity, Sir Lewis Casson lends his own perfect timing to the old invalid's

senile irrelevancies, and behind a false nose Sir Ralph Richardson practises erratically as the doctor. For its understanding and its battered wisdom, I think this last performance tops all the others.

The Parcels Office of the theatre can claim no one to touch Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS. In Night Must Fall he packed the head of a nymphomaniac tidily into a hatbox, and now, in Someone Waiting, he inserts with expert case the whole of a housemaid into a box of books. It will be no surprise if ambition spurs him to pull off the total feat of having his entire cast crated and labelled before the final curtain.

On the larger scale of the play itself can be seen the same skill in tying the knots over the unexpected. Someone Waiting is the most intelligent kind of thriller, in which we are told the murderer's intention, are given a detailed rehearsal of the crime, and then watch the desperate revision of his plan as things go wrong. Mr. WILLIAMS takes the murderer himself, a timid neurotic obsessed by revenge for the hanging of his innocent son. The single scene is the flat of an industrialist, leading a multiple life and marked down for doom.

With the exception of some rather lengthy clue-combing in the first act, Someone Waiting is an admirably taut thriller, piling surprise on surprise and keeping the biggest for the end. Where it disappoints—being written by a master of atmosphere—is that its pretty mechanism is so deliberately cold-blooded that we are allowed no

feeling for any of its people. Even the murderer, for all the personal magic with which Mr. WILLIAMS presents him, remains a shadowy character. Nevertheless, there is some good acting. Miss Adrianne Allen comes nearest to completeness as the wife of the horrible tycoon, who is played unsparingly by Mr. Campbell Cotts. Miss Glady's Henson irrupts wonderfully as an outraged modern mother, and a young actor new to me, Mr. John Stratton, makes a capital impression in a study of embitterment.

Recommended

Pygmalion (St. James's), an interesting revival with Kay Hammond. Antony and Cleopatra (Princes), this year's cream-of-Stratford. Witness for the Prosecution (Winter Garden), first-rate Agatha Christie.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Juggler—The Robe

A RGUMENT blew up about The Juggler (Director: Edward Dmy-Tryk) because at first it seemed unlikely to get a London showing. (Now it has one, at the Berkeley.) "West End Cinemas Boycott Film," said a headline, and it was agreed that the big circuits are afraid because the piece is "too unusual," and also perhaps because they fear the effect of what may be taken as Israeli propaganda.

Certainly there is more than a whiff of propaganda about it. It is the story of a D.P. refugee to Israel, a world-famous German juggler who arrives there after dreadful experiences in concentration camps, and it would be easy to argue that everything he finds in Israel (including the beautiful girl at the kibbutz or collective farm) is presented too rosily and uncritically. On the other hand, this is the story of a particular instance; one can appreciate it without feeling called on to believe that things invariably go so well.

The story is, anyway, essentially of an individual, the juggler himself, his neurotic suspicion of all authority (which he associates with the Nazis), and the way he was helped to overcome it. This theme it is presumably that makes the picture "too unusual" for the big circuits. Their patrons would no doubt prefer a straightforwardly heroic and sympathetic central character, a straightforward battle with the unsympathetic forces of the opposition, and a plain kiss-clinch for the fade-out.

and a plain kiss-clinch for the fade-out.

For the rest of us it is the "unusual" points about the film that make it worth seeing. It was made on location in Israel and gives a striking picture of the country and its life; and Kirk Douglas's portrait of the juggler,



[A Day by the Sea

Doctor Farley—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON Frances Farrar—MISS IRENE WORTH

Julian Anson—Sir John Gielgud Laura Anson—Dame Sybil Thorndike David Anson—Sir Lewis Casson



Hans Muller—Kirk Douglas Jehoshua Bresler—Joey Walsh Ya'd—Milly Vitale

sometimes off-handedly cheerful, sometimes hysterically obsessed, is memorable. The framework of the narrative is the infallible pursuit formula. Believing he has killed a policeman, the juggler retreats across the country, accompanied by a boy—who is rather too obviously a character from a novel and has a contrived taste in enthusiastic adverbs which is supposed to give us many an indulgent smile. The piece is not satisfactory as a whole, but it is full of good points and ceaselessly interesting.

I suppose I should join in the discussion about *The Robe* (Director: Henry Koster), though I said really all I wanted to say in a few lines last week. Even now, I want to remark only on the CinemaScope process; the story itself, and all stories of its religio-box-office kind, are simply not up my street. I have (to put it politely) a blind spot for them.

The colour, as I said, is often highly impressive: visually the picture is a notable experience, and one most people will want to have, if only to talk about it afterwards. The "stereophonic sound" is less successful. We have known this before, when things were not so wide; but never before have I found myself waiting for a speaker to cross the exact centre of the screen, alert to notice the way his voice abruptly switches from one side to the other.

That is the sort of thing that will soon be put right, I suppose; like the present tendency of people at the extreme ends of the screen to look a little compressed, like reflections in the back of a spoon. Everything will get more and more "real." Even now, you can often almost feel you're in the picture, if you want to. Do you want to? Why?

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The big news is Beat the Devil, and a bright new one from Ealing is Meet Mr. Lucifer. Continuing: Julius Cæsar (18/11/53), and the very funny M. Hulot's Holiday (25/11/53).

The only top-flight new release is The Conquest of Everest, which is very fine indeed. Second Chance is a good suspense thriller.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET Soviet Ballet Dancers

THERE'S something about the

South you cannot rationalize. Laughter is in the air, and even the gravest northerner meets gaiety more than half-way. The magic seems to work when you pursue the sun no farther than the South Bank. The Festival Hall, for instance, disdairing all cosy comforts of northern playgoing, casts a spell on all comers. "Suspend all judgment ye who enter here," might be written over its portal.

The spirit of enjoyment bubbled over to greet the Soviet Ballet Dancers making their first appearance in

London, and it was probably heightened by the knowledge that outside the less fortunate were vainly seeking admittance. The artists, who are to give their final public performance on Saturday next at the Albert Hall, appear under the auspices of the British-Soviet Friendship Society. The notes on their parentage and present eminence in the U.S.S.R. given by the Society doubtless accounted for the faces here and there in the audience which showed traces of anxiety; for dispersed among those who applauded the dancers rapturously before a step had been danced on the inhospitably bleak stage was a sprinkling of London balletomanes apprehensive of the challenge from the nursery and home of Russian classical ballet.

We were to see, for instance, Miss Alla Shelest, prima ballerina of the Ballet Theatre, Leningrad, in a pas de deux so well-known (that from Swan Lake, Act III) that comparisons with our own dancers would be inescapable. She was partnered by Mr. Konstantin SHATILOV of unusually slim and delicate figure and mincing gait, who none the less spun the Black Swan above his head with one hand. Making all allowance for bare stage and slippery floor it was evident at the end that English dancers have nothing to fear from this Russian challenge in the classical realm. Miss Shelest showed faults which would bring a sharp reproof in the dancing school but left fervour undiminished at the Festival Hall. Later, in a solo waltz by Strauss and in another by Shosta-kovitch, partnered again by Mr. Shatilov, she failed to make good the opening disappointment.

When it came to displays of Ukrainian and other peasant and folk dances the applause was well earned by a virile team. Mr. Georgi Fermanyantz, an Honoured Artist of the Republic, was not alone in showing an astonishing virtuosity. Particularly exciting was the playing by Mr. Anver Barayev of the diora, an instrument resembling a drumhead, which he tapped and caressed into a frenzy to accompany a charming young student-dancer of the Producers' Faculty of the State Theatre Institute, Tashkent, musically named Galya Izmallova. C. B. Mortlock

33.0

ON THE AIR

Careless Viewing

THE planners of television programmes still seem unable to make up their minds whether to provide a popular miscellany, something for everybody every evening, or to offer a "long continuous performance," a theme with variations. For some months now the advocates of the first line of development, the "bits and bobs" brigade, have had things all

their own way: the items in each evening's entertainment have become shorter, more numerous and more varied, and there has been little attempt to arrange the items in any pattern of "balanced" viewing. Then, the other week, the "theme with variations" splinter group had a go and gave us its Elizabethan Diversion, a whole evening of integrated fun, "culture." games, instruction and Clearly there is a real difference of opinion among the programme planners, just as there is in this matter among viewers; and it is important that the two lines of thought should be examined in some detail.

The supporters of the "something for everybody" line are not necessarily low-brow opponents of State-sponsored culture: and they are not necessarily trying to net a maximum number of viewers. It can be argued that the only way to produce discriminating viewers is to make the programmes extremely varied in their appeal, so sweet and so dry that no palate would find the contrast acceptable. This, it is claimed, is the method employed by sound radio against people who like to leave the wireless tap running all day. Slabs of low-brow fare are broken up by veins of "difficult" music and "stiff" talks: chunks of thoughtful middle-brow fare are broken up by half-hours with the cinema organ and Workers' Playtime.

Well, I am not so sure that the scheme works. In my experience the indiscriminate listener is discouraged by nothing short of a lengthy symphony concert or a Reith Lecture. The B.B.C. is no more successful in getting people to switch off than it is in baiting its educational efforts with sugary preludes. (With one exception. The altogether admirable "Topic for Tonight" programme is sandwiched very cunningly between the sporting tail of the ten o'clock "News" and the opening bars of the late night dance



music, and few listeners to the "Light" will take the trouble to switch off for five minutes.)

And the indiscriminate viewer is discouraged by nothing less than the prospect of a whole evening of uncongenial fare. He wants to see "What's My Line?" or "Puzzle Corner": very well, he is prepared to stomach almost anything to get it. There will be no switching-off until Eamonn Andrews or Ronnie Waldman have said their friendly piece. Ask any viewer what he thought of last night's programme and he will pass judgment on every item. "The newsreel was smashing, and we quite enjoyed Joan Gilbert, but I can't stand this new balloon game, can you? And as for that science thing, and that professor-chap talking about smog...!" And not only the low-brow. We have to remember that televiewing is a family affair, that in most homes it calls for some rearrangement of furniture and meals, for a new domestic time-table: and once the decision to view has been taken, opportunities to indulge in alternate pleasures or distractions are considerably reduced.

The evening's entertainment is a bit of a gamble, but the punter is prepared to see it through to the bitter end.

Now if these observations are correct, even approximately, it means that the advantage lies with the "theme with variations" type of programme. The viewer knows roughly what to expect, just as he does when he settles down for an evening with a book or at the film or the play. And what not to expect.

The only snag about such homogeneous programmes is that they would tend to perpetuate the classstructure of popular entertainment. Each would have its group of faithful followers and each group would be isolated, segregated. There would be no "mixed" audiences: it would be the "Third" and the "Light" all over again.

If we persist with the current scheme of a nightly something-foreverybody miscellany we should eventually achieve a classless society of televiewers, but this levelling-down operation would be painful for all except perhaps the proponents of sponsored television. They would be in clover, with a ready-made public generously created for them by the B.B.C. Bernard Hollowood

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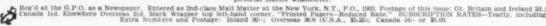
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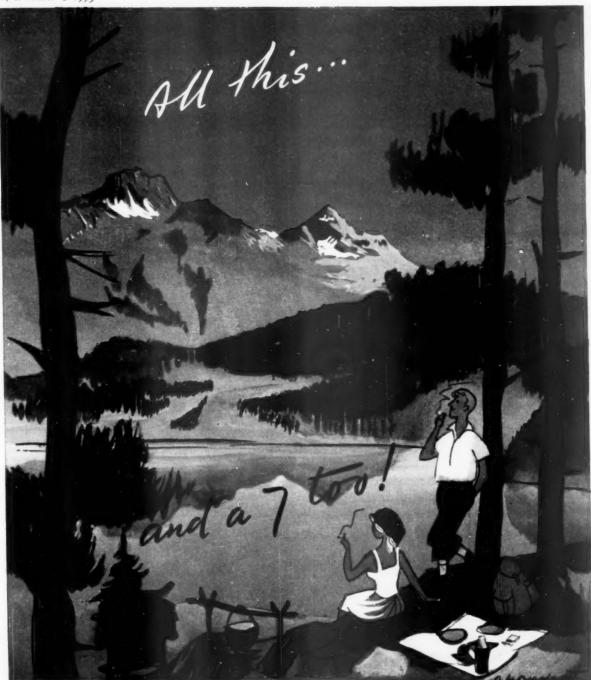


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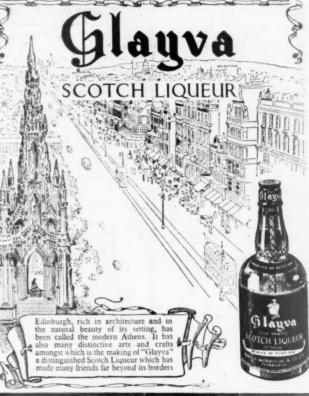
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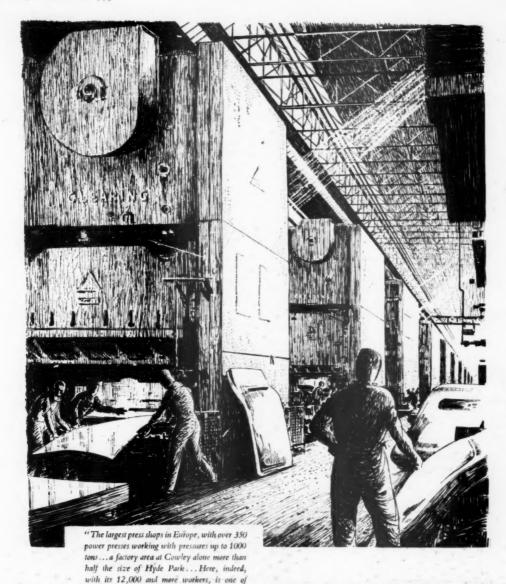
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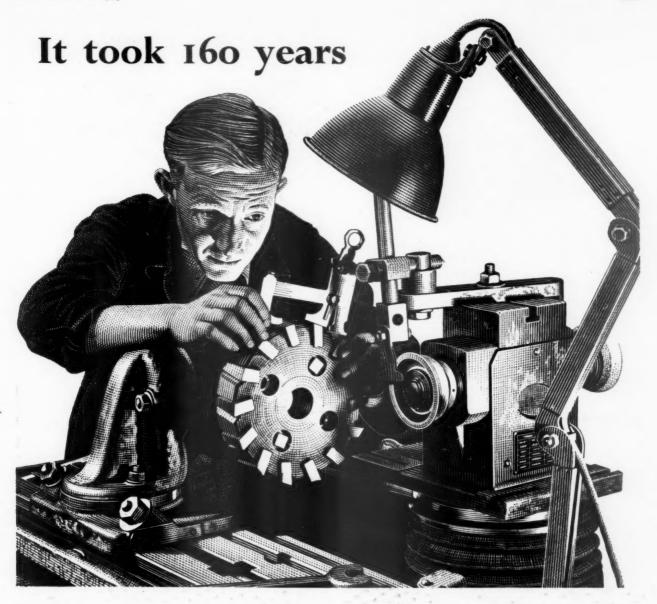
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